



WOMAN'S WORLD.

MRS. RUSSELL SAGE TAKES HER STAND AS A WOMAN SUFFRAGIST.

Myra Bradwell's Career—Annuities for Single Women—The Chancery Suit—Hon. Nellie Bass' Wedding—"We Killed a Bear, Didn't We, Peggy?"

"Will you vote to have the word 'male' stricken out of the United States constitution?" The question was asked by Mrs. Russell Sage and the writer, being a woman, promptly replied in the affirmative and immediately added her name to the petition, which already contained the signatures of Mrs. Sage, Mrs. F. F. Thompson, Miss Helen M. Gould and others. Thus reassured, Mrs. Sage continued: "I am not a pronounced woman's rights woman, but since such women as Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Julia Ward Howe are leading a movement with this purpose in view, I shall not withhold my name and my purse for its support. I am in favor of such a movement, as is also Mr. Sage."

"I thoroughly believe in women having a voice in the government, especially when they are taxed. Taxation without representation will no more be imposed on women today than it was years ago upon our ancestors when under the English yoke."

"There is a small town in the northern part of the state owned entirely by rich widows. They pay the taxes, but have no say in the town's government."

"Women, too, arrested for crime are never tried by their peers. Lizzie Borden would never have had to undergo trial if she did had there been women jurors."

"Do you think women would vote if they had the opportunity?" I queried.

"The best women would vote the best way," responded Mrs. Sage. "Of course there might be the bad element, but I feel assured that less fraud would be practiced and the polls made more respectable by women voting. On the whole, I believe women would elevate politics as they have everything else they have goad into."

"Women are voting in Colorado, and suffrage gets a footing in New York other states will follow."

This is a new venture for Mrs. Sage, who has been a prominent though unobtrusive worker in the cause of religion and charity for so many years back, but her sincerity may be judged by the interest she is taking in the movement.—New York Mail and Express.

Myra Bradwell's Career.

Mrs. Myra Bradwell, the first woman to be admitted to the bar in the United States, passed away at her home in Chicago on Feb. 14. Mrs. Bradwell was well known throughout the states. She began the study of law in 1852 when she became the wife of Lawyer James B. Bradwell. After carrying the case of women in law to the supreme court of the United States and meeting with defeat she succeeded in having a law passed by the legislature providing that any person of either sex might practice law in any state court.

Mrs. Bradwell studied law under her husband for several years. She was the first woman who was made a member of the Illinois Bar association and also of the Illinois Press association. The first weekly legal paper published in the western states was the Chicago Legal News, which was established 23 years ago, with Mrs. Bradwell as manager and editor. Lawyer Bradwell retired from the bench in 1889 in order to assist his wife in her large business to which the Legal News company had grown.

Mrs. Bradwell managed to find time in her busy life for much charitable and philanthropic work. During the civil war she was an active helper among sick and wounded soldiers and did good work in the sanitary commission. She was a member of the Soldiers' home board. She was untiring in her efforts to secure the World's fair for Chicago.

Mrs. Bradwell was also a member of the Chicago Woman's club and the Illinois Women's Press association.—Chicago Post.

Annuities For Single Women.

The question of providing annuities for daughters, after the English and French manner, is being discussed in Philadelphia, which city has a large contingent of attractive unmarried young women. It is asserted that these annuities can now be had in this country, as abroad, and it is pointed out that one bought and kept up for a term of years, and perhaps increased, secures comfort and independence to the daughter who does not marry.

Considering the same topic from another standpoint, the Boston Home Journal speaks of a society for this purpose that has long been in operation throughout Denmark and works well and profitably.

The general outline of the plan it seems is that a lady who does not feel sure that she means to be married or wants to be married should pay an annual premium to the central office. She receives a form of policy duly executed, and upon condition that she pays her annual premiums with regularity she will receive at the age of 40 a round sum, proportionate to the extent of her investments, and with probably certain bonuses.

The Chameleon Fish.

It is interesting to notice how the New York correspondents have seized upon the item of the wearing of lizards by women for enlargement and description. According to them, all the society women here in New York are in despair over the curtailment of their privilege to have an ugly little reptile crawling about them. As a matter of fact, not one "society" woman, certainly not one well bred woman or girl, has adopted the questionable craze. Actresses who affect such things, often as a matter of advertisement, took them up, and a large contingent of other women, who do such things because some one else does, and who belong to no particular class, either of the upper or lower tandem, wore



A SURPRISE.

"What a nice couple they will make," said Mr. Puff, as he looked at the photos of the prospective bride and bridegroom. But lo! when he saw them one day, side by side!

them, but that was all. New York "soccer" women are open to criticism undoubtedly, but they don't "make up" their faces and arms for every ball, "smoke cigarettes all day" or "drink and play poker continually," as they are often accused of doing in some of these remarkable missives that are dated from New York.—*Her Point of View* in New York Times.

Hon. Nellie Bass' Wedding.

Recent London prints just return with accounts of the Hon. Nellie Bass' wedding grandeur. Everything was on a gigantic scale, from the palms in the chandeliers, 30 feet high and lining with curtains, to the two wedding cakes, each weighing 350 pounds, brought in vans and set up by the caterer's men in structures of 6 feet in height. A list of distinguished names figures donors of gifts, some of the names rather outstripping the present, it seems to the casual reader—as, for instance, the Earl of Craven, who is credited with a pencil case, and the Duchess of Marlborough a blotting book. But the bride had no cause to complain. Her father emptied a jeweler's shop into her lap, and her husband picked up a few baubles for her, such as a diamond link necklace, a diamond wing comb, gold bracelet with his name, "James," in diamonds, diamond and ruby ring, diamond and ruby pin, gold sleeve links with enamelled monogram, diamond pin, gold ring, walking stick and some others. It was a great day for Burton-on-Trent.

We Killed a Bear.

Rev. J. W. Bradshaw of the Congregationalist church of Ann Arbor, Mich., preached a sermon against woman suffrage on a recent Sunday morning, being greatly concerned lest the bad women should outvote the good women. The Ann Arbor Democrat reviews the sermon and calls attention to the fact that "there are so few bad women, comparatively speaking, that as a class they never attempt to assert themselves in any place of civil government whatever."

The Democrat says that Mr. Bradshaw's sermon carried little conviction and proceeds to consue him in this fashion:

"He sure, women will vote, the conservatives to the contrary notwithstanding, and when that day comes bad men and women will largely become a factor of forgotten history, while the present opponents of the cause will grasp the hand of the pioneer and proudly exclaim, 'We killed a bear, didn't we, Peggy?'"

HE DUG THEM UP.

The Sad Case of an Amateur Gardener Who Didn't Know Beans.

Bobbie gained considerable knowledge of an agricultural kind from his last summer's experience as an amateur gardener. Robinson has learned what a blessed thing it is to be mind and conscience in criticizing another in a matter in which you do not expert yourself. Robinson had said one day that he was going to plant cabbage, and before he got home that evening his wife, as a pleasant surprise for him, bought 25 cabbage plants, set them all out in the garden and then lay back and chuckled to think how surprised dear old Bobbiner would be when he saw them. He was surprised.

Mrs. Robinson had set out the 25 cabbage plants all in a bunch, just as she had received them from the seedman. Then Bobbiner sat down on the lawn and thought, and asked Mrs. Robinson if she had ever seen fall grown cabbages, and how she supposed 25 of them could grow in a space three feet square.

Mrs. Robinson reflected with woman's ingenuity in a man's case. She burst into tears and told Bobbiner he was a mean old thing, and if he knew so much he could just set them out again himself, so there.

Bobbiner took a spade and a dibble and set them out. While doing this he noticed that he turned up an extraordinary number of small, dirty white pulpy things, with green points sticking out at one end. They looked unfamiliar but he dug on without thinking much about them, and when the 25 cabbages were set out, each with a fair distance between it and its neighbor, so that it might without inconvenience grow four feet in diameter if so it was minded, he condescendingly called his wife to come that he might show her how so simple a thing should be done.

The first thing that caught Mrs. Robinson's eye was the peculiarly dirty white pulpy things, and poking at one with her toe she said:

"What did you dig those up for?"

"Oh, those?" replied the expectant Robinson. "Those are my, so far, I can make out, are a variety of insidious fungi, although I never saw any just like them before."

"Insidious fungi!" cried Mrs. Robinson.

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FOLLOWING UP THE RESUME.

Hojoek—Mrs. Glendens can read her husband like a book.

Top Hick—Yes. And she can shut him up like me too.—Puck.

Waited Too Long.

Polite Gentleman (in street car)—Take my seat, madam.

Lady—Never mind, thank you. I met out here too.—New York World.

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